

Wedding Fever

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Wedding Fever

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Karl and Sapnap's wedding was perfect, from the beautiful church to the cute colour scheme to the specially crafted wedding playlist. It was so perfect that it pissed George off.

His best friends were getting married, moving on with their lives and being adults. And George? He was at a table in the corner accompanied only by an empty glass of wine and watching as the man he's hopelessly in love with is competing to see who can pick up the most girls.

But maybe, just maybe, with the help of the wedding fever coursing through the air, everything might go right for once.

Or - the fic where Dream and George get together at a wedding

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The wedding chapel was beautiful, admittedly.

It wasn't too big, a small gem hidden away in the smallest neighbourhood in North Carolina. It barely saw any foot traffic, but the lovely lady who owned it kept it well maintained. Outside, it was surrounded by a large field full of purple and yellow wildflowers. Purple, Karl's colour, and yellow, Sapnap's. The flowers were a silly little coincidence. Two months ago, when they had

viewed the church, the flowers were buried under the snow. Though, when they had all seen the flowers last week, Karl proclaimed that they grew as a sign from the universe; a sign that Karl and Sapnap were meant to be, and meant to get married there.

A load of bullshit, right?

Much like the field, the purple and yellow had been woven throughout the church, along with some pinks and oranges, all of the colours fitting together picture perfectly. The colours had been planned for months, it was just another little coincidence that the flowers matched the plans. It also meant that some very lucky people (George and Quackity) got to go and wade through the tall grass full of bugs and other creatures to grab some of the flowers to integrate into the wedding, per Sapnap's request.

The actual theme wasn't meant to just represent Karl and Sapnap, but also a sunrise, which, as the two of them explained in excruciatingly long detail, represented a new beginning... or something.

That was about when George tuned it out.

It wasn't out of character for George. No, not at all. A wedding that was so perfect and pristine, a playlist playing loudly that was carefully crafted to include every good love song. Everyone was singing, dancing, happy as they waited for dinner to be served. Everyone except for George, who was sat in a chair, at a table in the corner of the room with his finger tracing over the smooth surface of the crystal wine glass, having his own little pity party.

Weddings, to put it simply, were hell for single people. They were even worse for people who were in love with their best friend. Their best friend, who was currently in the middle of a bet with their other best friend seeing who could pick up the most girls before dinner was served.

If context clues weren't enough, the single person was George, and the person picking up the girls was Dream.

Just over the top of the wine glass, perfectly in George's vision (not that he was purposely watching, or anything), was Dream. Quackity and Dream had been setting up their little bet for months now, and Dream didn't come underprepared. His blond hair was combed back, neater than it usually was - neater than George liked it, but a small strand was falling forward and in his eyes that made him look like a Disney prince. He wore a fitted black suit, which cost him so much that George didn't even want to repeat the number, but seeing how well it snug against his shoulders proved that it was worth every single penny. The orange tie he had worn for the ceremony was no longer tied, instead, falling loosely around his neck. To top it all off, his white button-up had the top three buttons undone. It was George's favourite look.

But, much to George's dismay, Dream was leant against a table far away from him, paying all of his attention to a pretty girl with long blonde hair. The smirk on his face was part of his classic flirting technique, and judging by the disgusting heart eyes the girl had, it was working well. He started to lean closer, towards the girl's ear and that was when George looked away.

He was going to need another glass of wine if he was going to make it through the rest of this night.

"Wow, I really thought you were going to develop laser vision and burn a hole right through that girl."

George let a long sigh slip past his lips and he sat up straight in his chair just as Quackity flopped down in the seat next to him. Much like Dream, he had splurged on his outfit as well. He still

managed to look like a divorced Dad, even though he was trying to get the Mr. Worldwide look. Instead of his classic beanie, he was rocking a fedora with a purple band that matched his tie. Thankfully, he brought a bottle of expensive wine with him, and he popped it open and filled George's glass before he even had to ask.

"How many numbers are you at?" George asked. Not that he cared, more to change the subject. He took the glass of wine and drank it quicker than he should have, but he didn't mind the burn in the back of his throat. He finished it before Quackity could even fill his own glass.

"Woah, what is up with-"

"Don't ask" George said, holding out his glass. Quackity shook his head in disbelief but did as he was asked and filled the glass to the top. George then repeated his question, "How many numbers have you gotten?"

"Twenty-three," Quackity said, shamelessly proud of himself, "What do you think I should spend the money on? I got a grand and I am not going to waste it."

"You could buy a better hat." George shot, which earned him a disgusted look and a punch in the shoulder.

"Not that, asshole," Quackity shot defensively, "I want something that will absolutely annoy the shit out of Dream. Maybe an atrocious neon green balloon set that spells out Dream sucks? Or is that too small? Maybe I go all in and say fuck you Dream?"

George started to tune out after that, letting Quackity ramble on about the different ideas he had to spite Dream. Temptation got the best of him, and George couldn't help but watch Dream again. He was still flirting with the girl, at this point it wasn't even for the purpose of the competition, the small slip in his hand told George that he had already gotten her number. The worst part of it all was that George didn't blame him. The girl was gorgeous, with long blonde hair that was curled so precisely that it must've taken hours, and a smile that cheesy country songs would be named after. Had this happened a year ago, George would have beaten Dream to her. A year ago, George would have never guessed that between the two of them, he was jealous of her.

"Maybe I could rent a mariachi band that follows him around wherever he goes for a day?"

George moved his eyes away again, this time focusing on Karl and Sapnap. The two newlyweds were standing by the bar, talking with relatives and laughing so loud George could hear it from across the room. They were dressed in their matching suits, beautiful light and dark grey. Karl wore a flower crown made from the same wildflowers from outside. Dream, who lived up to the name of the best man, had woven it for him shortly before the ceremony. It was a quick solution to keep Karl's veil on his head. Then, Karl's nieces saw and begged for Dream to make flower crowns for them as well, and so Dream sat in the grass for half an hour laughing and teaching kids to make the crowns while George stood by the back steps and watched. It made him fall even more in love with the stupid bastard.

It may have been the wedding fever talking. The entire week they had been here, George had been slowly falling victim to the stupid made-up disease.

While they were all decorating, all George could think of was what he would use to decorate his own wedding. Surely, he wouldn't use pastels, he would actually like to properly see the colours he would use. However, the exception to that rule was green. It was Dream's favourite colour after all.

While he was helping Sapnap write his vows, all he could think about was writing vows in his own

wedding one day. When Sapnap asked what he should say, George thought about what he would say to Dream.

Standing at the altar, as those vows were read out loud and the organ played quietly in the background, George spent the entire time watching Dream, wishing, hoping, that maybe it would one day be them.

The more George looked at the newlyweds, especially now, the more he realized just how bad he had fallen for Dream.

With Dream, he wanted the wedding in the white chapel with colours and flowers that matched them perfectly. He didn't want to be like teenagers in love, he wanted that mature love, that grownups had. He wanted the late-night talks, laying in bed together while Dream runs his hand through his hair, and talking about taxes, or bills they needed to pay, or plans for renovation in the kitchen they shared. In the morning, he wanted to wake up next to him and know with full certainty, that was going to be how he woke up for the rest of his life.

"Oh! What about a choir that sings a diss track I made. Or - here me out on this one - they just sing 'fuck you Dream' in various harmonies on repeat!"

Maybe George was just drunk, or maybe he needed to get more drunk to forget about his problems and let loose.

But again, that didn't appeal to him. He didn't want to end this night with some random boy or girl in a bed neither of them owned. He was done with all of that single life crap. Maybe it was the wedding fever talking, but he wanted to be tied down, and he wanted to be tied down with Dream.

When he looked back, Dream had already said goodbye to the girl. He was in the middle of the dance floor, looking around. Then, like magic, his eyes locked with George's, and his lips curled into a smile. It wasn't a smirk like with the girl, and George even allowed himself to believe that the smile was wider than it was with her. It was almost like a fairytale moment, the way he made George's heart flutter and his breath hitched, and how for that second the music stopped and the entire world disappeared and it was just them, just them staring at each other and smiling. It was cruel.

"Okay, I am now convinced that you are just trying to be miserable." Quackity groaned. A couple walked in front of Dream, blocking their vision, and then the music came crashing back in like a wave. It all, effectively, brought George out of his trance.

"What?"

"Listen, dude, I can understand a crush. We've all been there, no shame. But this is the happiest day of your two best friend's lives and you are sulking like a little baby. Have a few drinks, dance with some people!"

"I'm not sulking-"

"You're acting like you're slowly regressing back into a 2000s emo phase. Soon enough you're going to be listing to I Write Sins not Tragedies and smudging eyeliner and-"

Dream popped up from the crowd, close enough to be in earshot, and George cut Quackity off, telling him to shut up quickly before faking the biggest smile possible, "Dream! Thank god you're here, Quackity's being a pain in the ass."

Dream laughed, pulling out a chair and taking a seat right next to George. He leant back and put his

legs up on George's lap, much to the brunette's disapproval. George tried to push the legs off, but every time he did Dream put them back, and eventually, George just accepted it, resting his hands above the ankles where the skin was showing.

"How many numbers have you got?" Quackity asked.

"Only five." Dream admitted. Quackity's mouth widened, and George prepared for the longest and most annoying victory speech that would ever be made, but Dream held a hand up to silence him, "I don't want to hear it!"

George raised an eyebrow at Dream and he chuckled a little bit, "I guess I'm just not on the top of my game tonight."

It was a good excuse, but George knew it was bullshit. He didn't get many numbers because he wasted the full hour talking to the girl. Dream emptied out his pocket, putting four cards on the table with numbers, and sticking out of his pocket was the fifth number. He was going to call her, or maybe he was going to go home with her.

It was George's worst nightmare. They were at that age now, where relationships turned into marriages, maybe they would get married. Then a few years down the road, they would be back here in this stupid church. Dream would be at the altar and the girl would be across from him in a beautiful white dress, proclaiming her love through sweetly written vows.

And George would be alone.

That thought alone was too much for the brunet to take. George pushed Dream's legs off of his lap, "I'm going to get a drink and some air."

"You want me to come with you?" Dream asked, looking up at him with concern in his eyes. George tried to ignore the flutter of butterflies in his stomach. It was stupid how even such a small thing made him swoon. Then the reality hit, that the only reason he was feeling that way in the first place was because Dream didn't like him like he wanted him to.

"I need a bit of a break from people" George responded, coldly, and then he left.

Thankfully, no one tried to follow him as he wedged through the crowd. A few minutes later, he found himself outside on the back steps of the chapel, hands crossed in his laps as he watched the spring breeze blow the flowers around in the field. It was peaceful, calm.

Who was he kidding, it was lonely.

In the background, he could hear the faint music, and he could recognize the song: Love Story by Taylor Swift.

In a perfect life, George would be inside, singing along to the stupid lyrics of that song with Dream, and dancing like all the other couples. He would point at Dream when he said the name Romeo and Dream would point at him when he said Juliet, and then they'd laugh because of how cringe they would be.

The quiet was interrupted when the latch on the metal door clicked open, and for a second the music got louder. Then the door closed gently with a thump and the music was muted again.

"Go away, Q" George sighed.

"Guess again," Dream said. He flopped down next to George ungracefully, making a loud clanking

noise with his shoes against the metal bar at the bottom of the wooden stairs. If George was in a better mood, he would've told him how dumb he looked.

Dream folded his hands in his lap like George did, looking out into the field and asking, "What's up with you? You've been off these past couple of days."

"I guess it's just the fact that this entire week has just been a reminder of how lonely I am" George answered truthfully, lightening it with a laugh.

"I saw the receipts, you should be lucky you are. Don't let the cute little decorations persuade you - weddings cost a fortune" Dream laughed.

The joke made George smile, genuinely this time. It was stupid how infatuated he was, the joke wasn't even that funny.

"We have a couple of minutes before they serve dinner..." Dream stood up, brushing his pants off and holding out a hand for George, "...Come, let's go frolic in the field or something."

"I am not doing that" George protested.

"God, you're such a buzzkill" Dream huffed, reaching down and grabbing George's hand to pull him up involuntarily, "Come, walk with me."

George obliged, not that he had much choice in the matter, following as Dream lead him down the steps and into the tall grass. Dream always found ways to make George feel better, he always knew exactly what to do or say.

"It's funny how attending a wedding really puts everything in perspective," Dream said after they had made it far enough away from the place that they could no longer hear the bass from the song, "I thought the whole number bet was going to be fun, and it was. But then I look back at Sapnap and Karl and I'm reminded-"

"Just how lonely you are?" George finished the sentence.

Dream nodded, "I can't believe that the two of them are getting married, meanwhile I was in a competition with Quackity to see who could pick up the most girls."

"Remember when the two of them would stay up for hours on a call by themselves?" George asked, shifting the conversation away to avoid any mention of the girl. He knew if the topic was brought up he would say something he would regret. So instead he said: "Remember when we were trying to record a manhunt, but Sapnap was MIA?"

"Because he stayed up all night on a call with Karl" Dream hummed, "I asked him about it a couple of days ago, turns out that they were making playlists that reminded them of each other and then they listened to them."

"Cheesy" George scrunched his nose.

"Disgusting" Dream added.

"And Sapnap had the nerve to say that nothing was going on between them" George laughed, "Christ, I thought they would never get their shit together."

"Remember when we all found out about them?"

"When Karl and Alex came to visit you two in Florida, and you and Alex went out to Walmart and came home to them on the-"

"-I thought we agreed we would never speak about that again!" Dream shouted, cutting George off before he could even finish his sentence. Dream covered his eyes with his hands, cringing, "Oh god! There are images in my head that I have spent years trying to forget!"

George dissolved into a fit of laughter. He remembered that day despite how long it had been. It was before the travel ban had been lifted and before he had met anyone in person. Dream had facetime'd him absolutely traumatized, struggling to make a coherent sentence while Quackity laughed his ass off in the background.

Dream started to laugh along with George. It was his signature laugh, a wheeze that sounded like a tea kettle. It wasn't graceful and god help the ears of anyone else in the proximity. But despite that, George was enamoured.

George remembered the "feral council meeting" the five of them had at the kitchen table. George was on facetime, propped up on a pillow on one of the chairs - which Dream had posted a picture of to Twitter, so he knew how ridiculous it looked. Then, Karl and Sapnap told them all about their relationship, and they had a few laughs, talked about a few close calls they had, almost slipping up on stream or in private discord friends. There was a particular story about Karl almost sending a very bad text to George on accident but catching it just in time. As he told the story, that was the hardest any of them had laughed.

"It's crazy to think that their little fling turned into this" George thought out loud, gesturing back to the church. He glanced back at Dream, who had stopped laughing, but his wide grin was still plastered across his face. His eyes glistened with tears, happy tears, which made them sparkle under the sunset lighting. For a second, George allowed him to get lost. There was something else in those eyes that sparked the brunet's curiosity. He wasn't enough of a fool to mistake it for love.

George was pulled back to reality when he felt soft fingers curl around his hand, the touch burning his skin as Dream started to pull him and lead him farther away from the church. Dream didn't explicitly say where they were headed, but he didn't need to. Trampled down grass and discarded pieces of confetti left a path that would lead them down to a bright blue lake surrounded by large dark green trees. It was where they had taken photos early that morning.

"I still can't believe that the two of them made us get up at 3:00 in the morning to take pictures at sunrise" George huffed, "I got like four hours of sleep"

"You slept?" Dream asked.

"You didn't?"

Dream answered the question with a laugh. For a minute, George was concerned, worried. He wanted to ask if Dream was okay and if he had managed to at least get a little sleep throughout the day. If there was one thing he didn't want to be doing, it was dragging an over-exhausted 6'3 man into a taxi and over to their hotel and then up five flights of stairs. He bit his tongue when he realized just how domestic he sounded - like a concerned husband.

They climbed down a small bank, Dream keeping his hand interlaced with George's. He went first, carefully navigating around tree roots and sharply pointed rocks to create a path. George followed after, his grip tightening on Dream to make sure he didn't fall. But, much like everything else in his life, it didn't go as planned and only a few steps from the bottom his left foot hooked under a root and he fell forward.

He let out a yelp and closed his eyes and prepared to face plant in the dirt. But, before he did, a pair of arms wrapped around his waist and caught him. When he opened his eyes, he was at the bottom of the hill, stood upright safely. Dream's hands were on either side of him, holding him by the waist to make sure he had his footing, and the two of them were staring directly at one another.

George had to look away, painfully aware of how red his face had gotten.

"You scared me for a second!" Dream laughed. He removed his hands from George's waist shortly after and George was disappointed, but to the brunet's surprise, he grabbed his hand again, "Come on, I want to see the lake before we have to head back."

"I don't want to go back" George admitted, "It's nice out here, peaceful"

"I don't either." Dream sighed.

"You don't?"

"No, I'd much rather stay out here with you"

"You seemed to have so much fun talking to that girl, though," George said. It was strange to think that he had spent so long trying to avoid conversation about the girl and now he had brought it up anyways. But, George had no choice, because he needed to divert the conversation away. If he didn't he was afraid he was going to blurt out something risky.

"You saw me talking to her?" Dream asked, genuine surprise in his voice.

The two of them stopped for a minute, a couple of trees away from the lake, and next to a small patch of white and yellow flowers. George didn't know the name of them, today was the first time he had actually seen them, and he briefly recalled mentioning off-handedly that he liked them. His exact words, in his sleep-deprived state, were that they were the most beautiful flowers he had ever seen.

Dream knelt down, careful not to let go of George's hand, and then he picked a couple quickly before standing up again and pulling George the last few feet to the edge of the water. He put the flowers neatly away in his suit pocket, and George couldn't help but wonder if they were for the girl.

"Talking, flirting, all the same," George said, letting the bitterness seep through his words.

"Flirting?" Dream asked, confusion in his voice. He furrowed his eyebrows for a second, thinking hard before his eyes widened and he started to laugh, "Well. I mean, I guess that sounds a lot less stupid than what was actually happening."

George turned to face him, "What was happening?"

"Well, now I'm embarrassed to say..."

"If you think that's going to let you off the hook you are clearly mistaken."

"First off, that's Jess, she's one of Karl's childhood friends. Karl actually tried to set me up with her a few months ago, but it ended terribly because she likes girls and I like... nevermind. The point is, it was a disaster! But it made for a funny story," Dream explained, "I told her about the bet, and I figured seeing as she's both a girl and someone who's had experience picking up other girls I asked for advice."

"What was that advice?"

Dream stopped as they got to the lake, the tips of his shoes submerged in the water. For a second, the two of them took a moment, speechlessly admiring the beauty of the lake. The trees were massive, indigenous to North Carolina, and covered in bright green moss. The colours paired nicely against the deep blue water.

Earlier that morning, the sight had been spectacular. The skies were coloured with yellow, orange, purple and pink alike. George could still feel the warm golden light on his skin. The sight was breathtaking then, but they were Karl and Sapnap's colours. Now, as Dream and George stood hand in hand, they reclaimed the lake as theirs. There were no extravagant colours, only plain old blue and green, but they were their colours.

Dream took a careful step from the lake, turning to face George. Hesitantly, he reached out and grabbed George's other hand, pulling him lightly so that George was facing him. Dream opened his mouth and then closed it. The energy around them had changed from lighthearted to more serious, and it was as delicate as the soft sand beneath their feet, neither wanted to disturb it.

"It's a five-step process," Dream finally said, "Step one, make casual conversation."

"Wow, that's her groundbreaking advice?" George chuckled, trying to distract himself. His chuckle died down when he looked at their hands and the way they were held by Dream. Their stance was familiar, despite never having been so close before. He never wanted to pull his hands away.

Dream ignored his comment, dismissing it with a small smile before he started to speak again, "Step two, make it clear that you're interested in them and only them: take them away to somewhere less crowded where you can devote all your attention to them."

"This kind of sounds like a serial killer"

"You're such an idiot" Dream laughed, shaking his head.

"Hey!"

"Step three, give them a little gift, like a little piece of origami from a bar napkin." He let go of George's hand for a second, and reached towards his pocket, pulling out the followers he had previously collected. George watched intently as Dream took the flowers and reached forward, using his thumb to sweep the longer bit of George's hair away from his eyes, and then he tucked the flowers behind his ear.

George, ever the charmer, couldn't help himself from breaking the tension, "Oh! I get it! Step four is when you lure them to your white van with kitties and puppies and candy!"

"Will you shut up" Dream groaned, "I am trying to flirt with you and you aren't making this very easy!"

"Oh," George said, the word slipping through his lips before he could stop them. Slowly he reached up to touch the flower behind his ear, delicately as not to knock it off, and realization washed over him. He felt his heartbeat quicken and his face flush, but it only made him giggle. He had mentioned to Dream that they were his favourite flowers, and Dream remembered.

Dream looked down at the ground, embarrassed, refusing to make eye contact.

With confidence that he didn't know he processed, George reached forward and used his fingertips to gently tilt the blond's jaw up so that Dream was looking at him directly, George said, "Well..."

what are the last two steps?"

Dream's lips curled into a smile, "Step four: make little excuses to get close to them."

He took his free hand and rested it gently on George's hip, pulling him close, so close that George had to let go of his hand and rest his hands flat against Dream's chest to keep himself balanced.

"Step five..." Dream trailed off, his eyes flickered down to George's lips and back up.

"What's step five?" George asked.

"You're so stupid" Dream sighed, but the affection in his voice and loving look in his eyes showed that it was a term of endearment. He reached up and slowly cupped George's jaw, the light contact showing how truly nervous he felt. George leant into the touch silently telling him it was okay. Finally, Dream took a deep breath, and foldly he asked, "Can I kiss you?"

George nodded, and then Dream slowly pulled their lips close. Before meeting George, he stopped a few inches away, asking George a final time if he was okay with it.

George closed the gap, pressing their lips together slowly, and for a few seconds, they stayed still as if both of them were so shocked that it happened. Then, Dream started to move, creating a slow and steady pace as their lips moved together. George took his hand and rested it on Dream's neck, pulling himself closer if it was even possible. It was messy, it was new, and they bumped noses as they tried to figure out what position fit best for them. It was perfectly imperfect.

It felt right.

They pulled away moments after, resting their foreheads together and lost in their own little world. The setting sun was poking through the trees, highlighting them in gold, and above them, the birds chirped. George had a list of things he wanted to say, but he was content, sitting there for a minute, living in the moment.

Dream was the one who pulled them out of reality, "We have to head back."

"I have so much I need to say" George mumbled.

"Save it, for now" Dream said, "Tonight is about Karl and Sapnap, so let's go back and celebrate for them."

He leant down and gave George a peck on the lips, shorter than either of them would have liked, and then he reached down and grabbed George's hands, "Later tonight, we'll steal a few bottles of wine from the bar, go back to my hotel, and we'll talk about us"

"Promise?"

"Promise"

As they walked back to the church, they talked about stupid things. They vowed to keep their relationship a secret for a bit, partly because it wasn't the type of thing you drop at a wedding, but mostly because they didn't even know what they'd call it. Truthfully, they wouldn't know for a while. But they were okay with that, they were okay with not knowing. They had time to figure it out, and they would do it together.

The night went by quickly, full of laughter and jokes, and dancing. They never did dance to Love Story, but they did slow dance a few times. As George made his toast, he caught eyes with Dream,

and the two of them shared the biggest smile. He spoke from the heart, saying stupid things like how Karl and Sapnap made him believe in love, and maybe that was true. He didn't add in the part that because of them, because of their wedding, he had found his own love.

Later that night, after the two of them had successfully stolen two bottles of wine and one bottle of champagne, they travelled back to Dream's hotel room. They stumbled in the door, kicking off their shoes and undoing their ties, and then they flopped on the bed... and fell asleep in each other's arms not even ten minutes later.

It was anti-climatic, sure. They had a lot to say, a lot to confess, but at that moment, they knew that they shared the same feelings, and that was all they needed. They weren't in a rush to iron out the details. New relationships brought uncertainty, but if there was one thing they were sure about, was that they'd have a lifetime for that.

End Notes

written by enderallie

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